H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter,
TO ALL PARTS of the WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, Cross St., and 2, VICTORIA ST. (late of the Arcade

BEATY BROTHERS' CELEBRATED 16s. TROUSERS (on the London Principle), WARRANTED ALL WOOL, AND THOROUGHLY SHRUNK, 33, DEANSGATE, Corner of St. Mary's Gate, and 91, OLDHAM STREET, Manchester (Half-way up)

HYDE & SHELDRICK, 72, { TAILORS AND WOOLLEN DRAPERS, } OLDHAM ST., MANCHESTER.

Vol. III.—No. 95. MANCHESTER, Saturday, JUNE 4th. Price One Penny.

THE BEST TEA IMPORTED
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL AND REDUCTION IN PRICES.

THE WHEELER AND WILSON
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
have removed from
22, OLDHAM-STREET,
to those Central and Commodious Premises,
131, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER,
where the Public are respectfully requested to call and inspect their new
"SILENT-WORKING" SEWING MACHINES.

In announcing a Great Reduction in Prices, the Company refer with gratification to past achievements. Twenty years devotion to perfecting the Sewing Machine and adapting it to social wants now enable them to produce machines at such a price as to bring them within the reach of all classes; and they are confident of still further meriting an increase in Public Favour, already so fully accorded, as is proved by the regularly increasing sales, now upwards of 80,000 machines per annum; and they beg to assure the Public at all times of the best that Mechanical Skill and Genius can produce.
Reduced Price Lists Gratis and Post Free.
☞ Easy terms of payment arranged when not convenient to pay full amount.
131, MARKET STREET.
Sole and exclusive Depot for MANCHESTER.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES,
£3. 3s. to £6. 6s.
SILVER HORIZONTAL WATCHES, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
GOLD LEVER WATCHES. £7. 10s. to £21.
GOLD HORIZONTAL WATCHES, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
In new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD & ALBERT CHAINS in great variety.

T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.,
83, DEANSGATE.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA
once more bids fair to resume its place as large Wine-growing country.
The production of Wine, after havnig fallen to a few hundred pipes a year, through the ravages of the vine disease, has risen this year to close on 10 000 pipes. The result is so great a reduction in price that Wine which a few years ago we could not sell under 50s. the dozen, we are now enabled to offer at
38s. per Dozen.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH STREET.

CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S"
SODA WATER,
SELTZER WATER,
POTASS WATER,
LEMONADE, &c.
JAMES HENRY CUFF, (late S. Thompstone),
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Sold by most Retailers of standing everywhere.
Ask particularly for CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S."

CARPETS.
EXCELLENT BRUSSELS,
3s. 11d. per yard.
NEW DRAWING ROOM PATTERNS.
NEW DINING ROOM PATTERNS.
NEW BEDROOM PATTERNS.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
POLICE STREET.

MANCHESTER REMNANT WAREHOUSE, 3, HIGH STREET, three doors from Market Street.—Arrival of New TEXTILE FABRIC REMNANTS, consisting of Chenes, Challis, Granites, Figured Lenos, Camlets, Reps, Piques, Merinoes, Llama, Printed Alpacas, Silks, Muslins, Prints, Calicoes, Patchwork, &c.
A saving of thirty per cent on every Purchase.
TRADE SUPPLIED. PRICE LISTS SENT.

MR. CHARLES J. BROWN,
AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,
ST. JAMES'S CHAMBERS,
South King Street, Manchester.
Traced Copies of Drawings and Plans made Cheaply and Quickly.

MEREDITH'S
Cheap Hosiery, Shirt, and Collar
ESTABLISHMENT,
147 & 149, Great Jackson-st., Hulme.
SCARVES, TIES, & COLLARS, VERY CHEAP,
And in Great Variety.
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven" Oxford St. (St. Peter's). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags, Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.

Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

ENGAGEMENT OF

MR. DION BOUCICAULT'S LONDON COMPANY.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

LAST NIGHTS OF THE STREETS OF LONDON,

AND

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

WHIT-MONDAY, BOUCICAULT'S celebrated Irish Drama,

ARRAH-NA-POGUE,

And a New Drama by BOUCICAULT, entitled

PAUL LAFARGE.

Commences at 7:30.
Box Office open Daily from Eleven to Two.

ALEXANDRA HALL,
PETER STREET.

THE MOST POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.

SOLE LESSEES—J. & W. S. BOOTH.

Each Evening, at 9:45, the SECOND EDITION of the

DEMON BALLET,

Which still pursues its course of Uninterrupted Success! Only equalled by the

CAN-CAN.

(By French and Troupe, 14 in number) with new dresses and magnificent illuminated scene, painted expressly by Mr. T. CHISN. Each Evening at Nine o'Clock.

In addition to these great features, on WHIT-MONDAY the celebrated

BROTHERS MORTIMER,

The most talented Burlesque Duettists of the day, will make their first appearance. Also

MISS ELIZA WARD, SERIO-COMIC,

And others; the whole combining to produce, during WHIT-WEEK,

THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN MANCHESTER.

Doors open at 7:30, commence at 8. Saturdays half-an-hour earlier.

Admission:—Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

J. McCAMBRIDGE, General Manager.

HENRY PIDDUCK,
GOLDSMITH, SILVERSMITH, AND JEWELLER,

24, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER,

Invites an inspection of his modern and elegant DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS,

BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EAR-RINGS, NECKLETS, LOCKETS, &c.

FINE GOLD ALBERT AND GUARD CHAINS.

WATCHES of the finest finish and latest construction. 18 Carat Fine GOLD ENGLISH LEVERS, Jewelled &c. £8 to £12. Flat Skeleton Ditto, hands to set from the back, handsome gold or enamelled dials, elegantly engraved cases, extra jewelled, &c., £13 to £20.

SUPERIOR USEFUL ELECTRO SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS.

	Best.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle.	Beaded.
12 Table Spoons or Forks	30s.	36s.	56s.	
12 Dessert Spoons or Forks	20s.	28s.	44s.	
12 Tea Spoons	12s.	19s.	26s.	

TEA and COFFEE SETS, 4 Guineas to 18 Guineas.

Handsome Fish Carvers in Cases, with Ivory, Pearl, and Plated Handles, 18s. to 60s. Silver do. £5 to £7.

DESSERT FRUIT KNIVES and FORKS, and FISH-EATING DITTO.

A variety of Beautiful Silver Cups, Goblets, Knife, Fork, and Spoon Cases, &c., for Presents.

Communion and Presentation Plate, Trowels, &c.

ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM AND DINING-ROOM CLOCKS.

Liebig Company's Extract of Meat.

AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1869. FIRST PRIZE being *above* the Gold Medal. Supplied to the British French, Prussian, Russian, Italian, Dutch, and other Governments. One pint of fine flavoured Beef-tea at 2½d. Most convenient and economic "stock."

Caution.—Only sort warranted Genuine by the Inventor, Baron Liebig, whose signature is on every genuine Jar.

Ask for *Liebig Company's Extract*, and not for Liebig's Extract of Meat.

WROUGHT-IRON TUBES AND FITTINGS for Gas o Steam Engine, and Plumbers' Lift and Force Pumps; Cast-iron Valves, Taps, Safety and Sluice Valves, Steam Traps, Stocks, Dies, and Taps: Improved Whistles or Gongs for Works; and every description of Copper Work and Boiler Mountings. Price on application. ISAAC STOREY and SONS, Brass and Copper Works, 24, Deansgate, and Little Peter Street, Manchester.

WAVERLEY PEN

Ninety-nine London, besides four hundred and twenty Provincial Newspapers, have strongly recommended the WAVERLEY, OWL, and PICKWICK PENS to their readers.

Standard.—"A treasure in the hands of rapid writers."
Engineer.—"They embody an improvement of great value."

Sold everywhere, 6d. and 1s. per Box. 1s. 2d. by post.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON,

23 to 33, BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH

(Established 1770).

London Agents: MILLINGTON & HUTTON.

(RESOLVED.)

ALL you that are of opinion that MONIE, of Market Street, is the best HAIR CUTTER, will please signify the same by a Show of Faces.

SHAW, ASHTON & THORP,
GENERAL

BILL POSTERS

(Members of the United Kingdom Bill Posters' Association),

3, HAMILTON PLACE,

WINDMILL STREET, LOWER MOSLEY STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Private Stations in all Thoroughfares.

LYONS' INKS.

Prize Medal, Paris, 1867;

Honourable Mention, London, 1862.

LYONS' Blue-back Writing and Copying INKS.

LYONS' Red, Blue, and Black INKS.

Also Extra Strong Copying INKS, to give Six Copies.

Sold by all Stationers.—Depot, Fennel-st., Manchester.

White and Sound Teeth.

ESTABLISHED

BY MORE THAN

Thirty Years' Experience

And Numerous Testimonials,

AS THE BEST, SAFEST,

AND MOST

Effectual Dentifrice extant.

OBSERVE TRADE MARK J&B Bewley & Draper

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE
FOR
CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING
AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS
PREPARED BY
JEWSBURY & BROWN.
Chemists
113 MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sold Universally by Perfumers, Chemists, &c.,

At 1/6 and 2/6 per Pot.

TO ENSURE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE PREPARATION,

PARTICULARLY OBSERVE

The Trade Mark and Signature

OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Jewsbury & Brown

WILLIAM BATEMAN
FASHIONABLE MOURNING ESTABLISHMENT, 40, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

FAMILY MOURNING. EVERY Article of the very best description requisite for a Complete Mourning Outfit may be had at this Establishment at a moment's notice.

FAMILY MOURNING. BLACK Made-up DRESSES, in Rich Silks, guaranteed makes. A New and Most Fashionable Assortment.

FAMILY MOURNING. BLACK Made-up DRESSES, in the Untearable Wire-ground Grenadines, and other thin Materials for summer wear.

FAMILY MOURNING. BLACK Made-up DRESSES, Deep Mourning, in the Cashmere Silks. Irish Poplins and Paramattas, handsomely trimmed with crape.

FAMILY MOURNING. DRESSMAKING.—Ladies entrusting their Mourning Order to this Establishment may rely upon every article of dress being finished and sent home in a superior manner.

FAMILY MOURNING. FASHIONABLE MOURNING.—Mantles, Jackets, Millinery, Bonnets, Hats, Jet Goods, &c. The latest Novelties for the season.

WILLIAM BATEMAN,
GENERAL MOURNING ESTABLISHMENT,
40, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER
(Corner of Stevenson Square).

LIFE POLICY HOLDERS protected against loss by the investment of the whole of their Net Premiums in Government Securities deposited in the Bank of England.

The full amount of the surrender value of the Policy may also be obtained on demand, each Policy being convertible into gold for the temporary use of the Policy-holder, if required. These Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited.

This perfect and equitable plan of Life Assurance was originally prepared by Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., &c., General Register Office, Somerset House, and submitted to Her Majesty's Government, who adopted the principle (with some modification) through the medium of the Post Office.

The basis of all just and safe Life Insurance transactions is a true Life Table. In calculating the Premiums, the English Life Tables published under the authority of the Registrar-General for England are employed.

Trustees of the Policy Holders' Life Funds:

Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, London.
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons; Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.
William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant-General, India Office, Westminster, London.

The system fully explained and a prospectus supplied on application at the Head Office or any of the Branches of the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICES:
BROWN STREET and MARSDEN STREET, MANCHESTER.

RICHARD BATEMAN,
BRITANNIA HOUSE, MANCHESTER.

NEW SILKS.—Beautiful Shades of Colours in Gros Grains, Chenies, Stripes and Broché SILKS, just received, at 55s., 70s., and 85s. the dress of 14 yards.

BLACK SILKS.—Foreign and British Manufacture, of guaranteed durability.

ROBE DRESSES and Walking Costumes. A Splendid Variety of NEW DESIGNS in SILK and other FABRICS, from One to Fifteen Guineas.

RICHARD BATEMAN,
BRITANNIA HOUSE,
18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, AND DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.

Ben. Brierley's Journal.

Published Monthly; Price Twopence.

CONTENTS OF No. 7.

NEW SERIES.—JUNE, 1870.

AB-O'-TH'-YATE AT HOLLINGWORTH LAKE, BY AB HISSEL'.

The Bitterness of Death, BY ALEXANDER HUME. CHAPTER III.

HOW I GOT A WIFE, BY OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

DAISY NOOK, BY A MANCHESTER PILGRIM.

THE POOR MAN'S DARLING, BY FANNY FORRESTER.

POETRY:—By Thomas Remington, Mark Johnson, and R. Lawton.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT MATLOCK.

EVERY SATURDAY DURING THE SUMMER, commencing June 4th, and terminating October 29th, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to MATLOCK BATH, by the Midland Company's route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class.	2nd Class
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—WHITSUNTIDE ATTRACTIONS.

ENTIRELY NEW PICTURE OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC, WITH ITS PORTS, HARBOURS, &c.

Each Evening in Whit-week will be represented that most glorious and ever-memorable action,

THE STORMING OF QUEBEC,

with the attack on the Heights of Abraham and the capture of the city by General Wolfe, in 1759, amidst a most brilliant display of Fireworks, concluding with a Colossal Transparency, representing General Wolfe in the arms of Victory. The whole of the picture painted, and the spectacle designed and arranged, by those most eminent artistes the Messrs. Danson and Sons, of London.

Two Bands each day in Whit-week. Three Bands on Whit-Friday, Whit-Saturday, and Monday after Whit-week.

Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers. New Maze, Museum, &c. Great Music Hall.

Chinese Tea Room, by Danson; and all the other attractions.

Admission Sixpence; after Four, One Shilling.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS.

OPEN EVERY DAY DURING WHIT-WEEK.

TWO BANDS
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY.

DANCING IN THE PALACE and on the LEVIATHAN PLATFORM, Which is Extended to 1½ acres.

The Celebrated PALACE MILITARY BAND, under the able baton of M. Olive Gaggs, will perform every day from three o'clock.

In the event of unfavourable weather, the PALACE, &c. WILL SHELTER 40,000 PERSONS.

NEW TEA and REFRESHMENT ROOMS have been made, capable of seating 1,200 persons at one time.

The GROUNDS since last season have undergone extensive alterations. Thousands of TREES have been planted, Beautiful LAWNS, WALKS, and FLOWER BEDS made, and the GROUNDS greatly extended.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE. NO EXTRA CHARGE.

The Jewel Sewing Machine, £5 10s. European Sewing Machine, 6½ Guineas. 128, Portland St.

CARPETS.

THE CHOICEST AND NEWEST DESIGNS
AT
SENIOR & HOLDFORD'S
LATE M'NAUL'S
CITY CARPET AND FLOOR-CLOTH WAREHOUSE,
66, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

PRICES:

EXCELLENT BRUSSELS, FROM 3s. 6d. PER YARD.
HARE'S (OF BRISTOL) BEST FLOOR CLOTHS,
From 3s. per Square Yard.

Kamptulicon, Corium, and Linoleum Floor-Cloths,
AT EQUALLY MODERATE PRICES.

HOTELS, CLUBS, AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS
SUPPLIED ON VERY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

G. R. Allison, General Manchester Warehouse) Families Supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a, HIGH STREET, and 13, CHURCH STREET.

THE COUNTY CRICKET MATCH.

LANCASHIRE v. SURREY.

LANCASHIRE: Messrs. A. Appleby, A. N. Hornby, J. F. Leese, A. B. Rowley, E. B. Rowley, H. N. Tennent, Rev. F. W. Wright, Coward, Hickton, Iddison, and Ricketts. First Innings 150, Second Innings 49, for two wickets.

SURREY: Mr. Mayo, Griffith, Humphrey, Jupp, Long, Mortlock, Pooley, Southerton, Stephenson, Street, and Vince. First Innings 103, Second Innings 95.

THE Surrey match, from the celebrity of the eleven, has always been highly popular. Formerly it would have been rash and reckless for any single county to venture to encounter them, and a crushing defeat would have been the natural reward of such temerity. It is within the memory of very young players that the county could fight with success the cricketing strength of the whole north of England. This is sadly changed for the worse now, and Surrey's glory is mostly that of tradition. Still the recollection of their grand achievements in the old days adheres to the present representatives, and does much towards making their present encounters enjoyable and interesting. The advertised names of the two elevens were eagerly scanned. Of the Surrey eleven, all were known to fame with the exception of two colts, Vince and Long. The list of the Lancashire representatives read exceedingly well, and, but for the fear that it was too much to expect that all should put in an appearance, there seemed little reason to dread disgrace.

We arrived on the ground at Old Trafford an hour or more after the time announced for commencing hostilities; but punctuality is not a virtue much observed at cricket matches, and we had ample time for a look round. The chief alterations in the appearance of the ground since last season are, that the lawn sloping from the pavilion to the railings has been spoiled by the erection of two or three rows of seats, and that a new flag has replaced the very ragged banner which heretofore had floated from the flagstaff. About the middle of the field the wickets are pitched, and are standing in solitary dignity. A space opposite each wicket is marked off, and spectators are urgently equested by printed placards not to cross this line whilst the ball was being delivered. Of course the public could not or would not understand this intimation, and were constantly getting into difficulties. Matters were not improved by the occasional intervention of a police man who was himself apt to blunder into the way, and who must have been made very wretched if of a nervous temperament. The further side of the field is occupied by some of the cricketers who are getting their hands in, perhaps a little willing to show off their abilities to the admiring spectators, who, heedless of danger from the flying balls, surround them on all sides. Eager critics are examining the ground, which is pronounced rather lively. The opinion prevalent in each mind seems to be that on such a ground it would be impossible not to play well. At one o'clock a bell rings, summoning the players to prepare. The balls and wickets scattered about are gathered together, the amateur players go towards the pavilion, and the professionals to a shabby little tent on the other side of the field. Spectators clear away and range themselves round the field. The necessary preliminaries have been completed, and the rumour goes round the field that Surrey has won the toss, and that, notwithstanding the fact that they have been playing the day before in Ireland, and only reached England at four o'clock to-day, they mean to go in first. This rumour is substantiated by the appearance of Lancashire in the field, the only gentleman absent being the Rev. F. W. Wright, and of him there is some hope as a substitute is fielding. Jupp and Humphrey were, of course, expected; but the usual order is in this case departed from, and Jupp is accompanied to the wicket by Griffith—bluff, hearty, and jolly as ever. Mr. Appleby, best of amateur bowlers, takes the ball at one end, and Hickton, the Broughton professional, with a style rendered celebrated by Jackson and Tarrant, at the other. Ricketts is wicket keeper, Mr. E. B. Rowley long stop, and Iddison point.

Batters, bowlers, and fielders are soon at work, though the left-handed batter at first causes a slight confusion in the field. Runs come rather too quickly to be pleasant, chiefly from Hickton's bowling, and in a short time Mr. A. B. Rowley takes his place. To the latter gentleman fell the first two wickets, those of Griffith and H. H. Stephenson. Then came Pooley, and with him an expectation that, whatever the quality of the cricket, it would certainly be lively, and the run-getting quick. This anticipation was, for a time, fully realised, and with the help of Jupp the score was rapidly raised, and the telegraph showed the score to be 70 for two wickets. At this point there seemed every probability that the total score would be large. But in cricket there is nothing certain but uncertainty. Mr. Appleby had all this time been bowling in magnificent style. It was one of the most interesting features in the match to see the way in which Jupp played the Lancashire amateur's bowling. The steadiness and science of the Surrey crack were tried to the full. With all his skill scoring was next to impossible, and his grand play was, of necessity, wholly defensive. In this trial of endurance between bowler and batter the batter first gave way, and his wicket fell for a well-played score of 32, the largest innings of the match. Mr. Appleby's bowling is not very fast. The ball is delivered from the left hand, and comes in from the off with a great screw. It is not the bowling of a machine, of a catapult, unvarying in pitch and speed, and only dangerous from being swift and straight. Mr. Appleby bowls as much with his head as with the hand and arm, and though a muscular frame gives an appearance and reality of great power in the delivery, every ball is delivered with a careful calculation of the special strength or weakness of the batsman. Neither is there anything in it of the tear-away style which always exhausts the bowler. Thus Mr. Appleby bowled without intermission through the whole of the match, and at the end was as powerful as at the beginning. In the first innings he bowled 18 overs, out of which eleven were maidens, for 37 runs and six wickets, while in the second innings, out of 36 overs, 19 were maidens, and only 34 runs were scored. With the fall of Jupp's wicket began the troubles of the Surrey. Pooley followed, and at dinner time, four wickets were down for 81 runs. After dinner things went all wrong for the strangers, and wickets fell with startling rapidity. Mr. Mayo, the only non-professional player on the Surrey side, was unsuccessful, and so were Humphrey, Street, and Mortlock. It was evident that unless the young players of the team did well, the innings would be but short. Vince and Long, however, both utterly failed, going down in one over before Mr. Appleby, and early in the afternoon the Surrey innings finished for a total of 103—a very small number considering the lively state of the ground.

The Lancashire fielding was close and good almost without exception. All did their work so well that it is hard to make a selection, but Mr. A. N. Hornby most nearly approaches the ideal of a model fielder. We have seen few professionals who equal him, except perhaps Smith of Cambridge. It is a trying thing to watch a slow runner panting in slow pursuit of a heavily hit ball, and, after coming up, to see, if a bad thrower, the girlish way in which he throws it towards the nearest of his friends. So it is one of the most delightful things in cricket to follow a good fielder. The grand rush after the ball if it passes out of reach, and the extent of ground which such a fielder as Mr. Hornby holds safe, are something to wonder at; the swift unerring grasp at the ball, and the mighty throw which hurls it, as if from a cannon's mouth, straight to the hands of the wicket keeper, are all so combined that there is no perceptible interval in which one series of actions ends and another begins. He is ceaselessly active, and anxious, if possible, to take up some of the work of those round him who are less gifted than himself, and yet never losing judgment or spoiling another's chance.

The Lancashire innings began to the bowling of Southerton and Street, destructive through its easy and tempting appearance,—that of the latter, quick, and with an "ugly break back," which proved rather difficult to master. Messrs. Hornby and Leese, two grand specimens of amateur cricketers, faced each other on behalf of the home county to the delight of the spectators, some of whom did not hesitate to make historical references of a political character in regard to the partnership.

Mr. Hornby's appearance at the wicket is somewhat singular, his bat being held in a curious way behind his legs and not in front of the wicket. To our mind he has improved since last year, having lost none of his old brilliance, and having gained something of steadiness. No one impressed the on-lookers with a feeling of greater confidence in handling Southerton's bowling. Mr. Leese's style is easy and graceful; his hitting, especially to leg, as free as ever. His prowess is watched with delight by numbers of old friends of the Bowdon Club, each of whom takes a share of the glory to himself and his club, in helping to form so grand a cricketer. Scoring was at first very rapid indeed, and did not cease when Mr. Wright, who had appeared after dinner, joined Mr. Leese. Eighty runs were up for two wickets down. But again the game gave a proof of its glorious uncertainty. Mr. E. B. Rowley was bowled for a small score, and Mr. Wright, after delighting everybody by a series of grand hits, was caught in a rather peculiar way: a ball from Street struck his glove, hit Pooley on the shoulder, and rebounded thence into long-stop's hands. Then Iddison and Coward faced each other, and a long stand was certainly counted on; but each batter was clean bowled, almost without scoring. Before Rickett's and Mr. Tennent, who followed, had time to settle down, time was up, and Lancashire was left with six wickets down for 98 runs, or 5 runs behind the total of Surrey. Next morning, about one o'clock, play was resumed. Each batter made a good average score. This was the last stand, and the innings closed shortly before dinner time for a total of 150, or 47 a-head of Surrey.

Everyone was now hoping that Surrey would run up a good second innings as the only way of making the match spread over the three days with any interest. Humphrey and Jupp first came out, and were received with a sympathising cheer. But it was soon evident that the bowling was too good to admit of heavy scoring, and notwithstanding every device to spend the time the game got over very rapidly. The total reached was eight less than that of the first innings, and when the wickets were drawn at six o'clock—half-an-hour earlier than usual—Lancashire had an inning to the good, and only wanted 49 runs, the final result being placed almost entirely beyond doubt. The only question which remained to be decided on Saturday was, how few wickets Lancashire would have to sacrifice to make the required number. On Saturday morning Messrs. Leese and Hickton started the innings. Hickton was run out by some wonderfully clever play between Jupp and Pooley. Mr. Hornby followed, and it seemed long odds that the two would pull off the required score. But with the score at 47 Mr. Leese played hard at a good ball of Street's and lost his wicket. Coward here came in, and hitting a ball to leg ran one (making the game a tie) but declined to venture another till Mr. Mayo, who had fielded the ball, imagining that all was over, started a private game with the ball, thus giving the required run without risk, and the victory to Lancashire with eight wickets to fall.

The match was played all through in beautiful weather. The attendance on all three days was large, and if the match had finished in an interesting manner, the crowd on Saturday would certainly have been immense. Most of the well-known characters were there, including an exciteable barber who goes everywhere and knows everything and everybody connected with cricket. The Ormskirk gingerbread man, who attends all matches at Old Trafford and Broughton with great regularity, was threatened with opposition by the vendors of all sorts of cakes, nuts, oranges, and walking-sticks. Scoring cards were on sale, but we missed the original and inimitable salesman, with his curious cry and wonderful stare of impudence and chaff. His place was supplied by several little boys, who, in contrast, appeared absurdly modest.

There seems to be no room to doubt the fairness of the victory. The Lancashire eleven was exceptionably good, the amateur element being especially strong. Indeed, it appears to us that it would be extremely difficult to suggest an improvement in the constitution of the team. Both batting and bowling were well represented. It is a great pity that such an eleven cannot—at least for once—fight our battles away from home. A very strong eleven would assuredly be required to beat them. On the other hand, Surrey in no way appears to have strengthened its hands. Their play all through was slightly stale, the batting poor, and the bowling feeble. How it is that, with so many young aspirants to cricketing fame, they cannot select useful colts, is a puzzle. If Vince and Long are played as bowlers they might at least have been allowed to try; and if on the other hand they have any claims to be considered promising batters, they must on this occasion have done themselve gross injustice.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE SLUMS.

ONE morning last autumn we met an acquaintance in Market-street, and as he replied in a certain gloomy and abstracted manner to our remarks, we left the subject, and asked him where he was going to have his chop, or would he come with us. He answered with a forced laugh—"I don't care about going anywhere; I have dined, in fact; I've dined off a pickled poor-rate!" Further explanation showed us that he had intended to have two or three friends to a nice little dinner in town that day, and to put off joining the family group at Lytham till next day; when "dashed if the fellow did'nt call for the poor rate! Now my wife had the bill somewhere, and I did'nt know anything about it, but the chap talked so much that I was glad to give him a cheque and get rid of him." "Well, it's paid at all events," said we. "Yes, and much good may it do them. I never could make out what that large place at Withington was wanted for. Perhaps it's living so near to it that makes the Withington ratepayers such fellows." Having relieved himself by coming as near to a spiteful observation as his natural good humour would allow, the latter speedily got the upper hand, and we left him once more satisfied with himself and the world. We had almost forgotten the subject till the other day, when we saw by the newspaper reports that several Boards of Guardians had had a little Cane administered to them, which they resented in true school-boy fashion. The Guardians of the Chorlton Union seem to have been particularly in evil case, as the Poor-law Inspector, who, we presume, is a sort of walking-stick in the hands of the chief authority in London, appears to have told them that the workhouse would always be tolerably well filled as long as it was made so comfortable, and the Lunacy Inspector reproached them for not making the inmates comfortable enough.

The whole question of the care of the poor is a very wide one; so much so, that it seems incapable of a perfectly satisfactory solution. But on some points the wise and right course is clear enough. To begin, like charity is said to do, at home,—never give at the door. The police and the various mendicity societies have made great inroads into the ranks of the professional beggars. But there are not a few still left, and the repeal of the hawkers' license duty would quickly restore the whole brotherhood. We have occasionally taken the name and address of a person who presented what looked at first sight to be something like a genuine case of distress, and have afterwards, without delay, personally visited, or tried to visit, the petitioner. The unvarying result has been that it was nothing but attempted imposition. The slums of Ancoats, the purlieus of Deansgate, and the recesses of that *officina gentium*, Hulme, told the same tale. Often no such address existed; always, no such person could be heard of. Still worse is it to give to street beggars. To do so is to provide people with the means of leading a profligate life, and enables them to take something from the general stock without contributing anything to it. We do not in general believe in harmless persons. If any person, man or woman, does no good, depend upon it he does harm.

In all countries, civilized or other, there are always some persons who, if they are to live at all, must be, for a time at least, maintained by other means than their own; and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that the degree of civilization which any nation has attained may be measured by the nature of the provision made for its poor. The provision so made may be best administered by a happy combination of official and amateur exertion, if it can be procured; for your true professional has a constitutional disdain for the lay or civilian element, as he terms it, which is as unwise as it is, unfortunately, natural. The Manchester District Provident Society, in one aspect of its labours, bears somewhat the same relation to the official Poor Law establishments that the Volunteers do to the regular army; there is the paid staff and the unpaid or honorary officers. The Society assists poor persons with gifts of money or provisions, after having ascertained by

their visiting agents that they are really in need of help, and are not receiving parish relief. On this point the Society is thoroughly enlightened, though the principle is so little understood. Sick people, those whose ailments require more than slight temporary attention, should be sent at once to the Infirmary or the Hospital, but considerable discretion should be used as to the rest, inasmuch as the requirements vary with the different localities. What may or can be done in Charter Street, Ashley Lane, and Red Bank? The first-named, which seems to have long had for its charter the liberty of unlicensed prigging, seems to have had every medicament between revolution and rose-water administered, and a melancholy exhibition it remains. It has been schooled up to the eyes by National, British, Ragged, and other agencies. The City Missionary has tried without avail the combined effects of grease and the Epistle to the Romans; the Church has had a "Mission" there, and has sung hymns and preached at it; the Hallelujah Band has howled over it, and Ned Wright has entertained it at a soiree, which was on the table at six o'clock. Even a portion of the licensed victuallers have been persuaded to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Yet how small the result has been!

There is a very expressive phrase—we don't know whether it is peculiar to Lancashire—"lost in dirt." Well, that is what has happened to these poor inhabitants of the slums. They have been lost in dirt. As we are obliged to prosecute and maintain either in idleness or unremunerative work those whom Dr. Manning, Mr. Edward Baines, and W. W., whoever he is, have hitherto combined to prevent us from educating, so now we are maintaining, at little above starvation point, those on whom we have suffered putrid dwellings and tainted air to do their work, and whose disorder, both of body and mind, is well-nigh incurable. We should think the neighbourhood must have cost the community every year much more in criminals and paupers than the annual income of the slum buildings, and a great saving in money alone would be effected if the Corporation were to buy up the whole neighbourhood, pull down the buildings, and let the land lie fallow for a few years. Until that can be done, which is not likely during the reign of King Heron, who seems inclined to let all things continue as they were from the beginning of the Corporation, what must we do with the inhabitants of these dens? As to "relief" to be given, that, with little exception, must be left to the mercies (tender or other) of Mr. Leppoc's young men. Private or amateur giving is useless. Money bestowed there might almost better be given to a missionary society, and you might pave any of the streets with quartern loaves, and flag it with mutton chops, and still find that that was not the right way to a permanent improvement.

When David Copperfield had run away from his harsh taskmasters, and arrived at Miss Betsy Trotwood's villa, near Brighton, in rags and dust, that lady consulted her intelligent friend, Mr. Dick, as to what was to be done with the poor lad. After considering him attentively for some minutes, Mr. Dick said, "Wash him!" This was considered such a remarkably good suggestion that it was at once acted upon, and it appears to have been thought suitable for the Slum-ites. There is an association, very little known, we fear, called the Ladies' Sanitary Reform Association. It must not be inferred from the (somewhat useless) introduction of the word "reform" into its title that it belongs to the "shrieking sisterhood," either Beckerite or Rotherian. The system of drainage in use about Charter-street, *from* the ash-pit *to* the house, not being found conducive to health, the first effort of the visitors and the agents they employ is as far as possible to remedy this, and next to instruct the poor themselves in doing what they can for themselves. The dwellers in these places are forced to sustain life to resort to stimulants, and in this way unhealthy houses foster drunkenness, and so the squalor and misery increase. There is a committee of about a dozen ladies, with three other ladies and Mr. Keeling, of St. Saviour's, for honorary secretaries, who employ female agents to visit the homes in the worst parts of the city, and not only receive their reports, daily or weekly, but themselves in person visit the places, not perhaps in a bevy, but singly, in the district they are best acquainted with or have undertaken the supervision of. One agent, Mrs. Nicoll, has been, for the last three months, working in a part of St. Michael's Parish, a district bounded by Ashley Lane, the river, and Long Millgate, with the assistance of the sister of St. Michael's rector, the Rev. G. S. Allen. Strong lime-whitewash, Condy's fluid, and Calvert's powders were the ammunition used in this battle with fever and dirt. A diary is kept by the visitor, and sent in to the lady of the committee superintending. We have seen the one for the district we are speaking of, and we shudder at the bare remembrance of it.

We are strongly of opinion that these ladies have got hold of the right end of the stick. For them no platform delights are reserved, nor do they seek either the hisses or the applause of listening meetings to command, but for the poor, thankless probably, and undeserving as some of them are, the effect is little less than a regeneration. They are taught how to get rid of filth of every kind, and prevent its accumulation. The ignorant mothers are instructed in the care of their children, and the men warned against, and in many instances reclaimed from, drunkenness. We cannot expect to get them, any more than we expect ourselves to become, absolutely free from the ills that flesh is heir to,

subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementi mortis.

But something considerable can be done, and although the association is not (confessedly at least) a religious one, yet if cleanliness be next to godliness, surely these labourers are not far from the Kingdom of God.

IN SEARCH OF A CREED.

II.—THE QUAKERS.

DEAR SPHINX,—The intemperance of the Revivalists shocked me very much, and nearly induced me to take the pledge. For several days afterwards I had no more religious doubts, and when Sunday came round again I stayed at home and fell an easy prey to Lothair. But there is nothing so fatiguing as rest when you have set an object before you. By the following Sunday my interest in my future state was revived, and the scene of action settled. I do not know whether it was altogether wise to wander from the infatuated Revivalists to the cool-headed Quakers. It was perhaps too much like the practice of reading the first and the last chapter of a novel, to the immense disadvantage of the intermediate ones. But wise or not, it was pleasant and refreshing, and every Revivalist should go to a Quaker's meeting. Almost as strange as the service which I am going to describe was the strangeness of going into the city on the Sunday. Emerging into the Oxford Road, I found the streets quite gay with piety, the tradesman's daughters more picturesque than on week days, the tradesman himself more unctuously lofty, the air alive with the peals of parish churches, while the defiant chapels were haughtily silent. This gala of virtue must strike the foreigner oddly; the set expression of severity in the countenances contrasting curiously with the unwonted finery of the toilettes. The competition between the husbands, so keen all the week, seems to be relegated to the wives and daughters on the Sunday. But unelated by this procession to prayer, and unchanged in the midst of these contending fashions, I noticed here and there a group of worshippers distinguished only by their antique simplicity and their prim Puritan bearing. And I asked myself whether the sternly brimmed hats and the knee breeches and white neckcloths of the men were indeed the livery of humility or that of the unbending conservatism of the oldest of sects. I asked myself if the pre-historic bonnets and the plain shawls and dresses of the women were indeed the sign that they had renounced the pomps and vanities of this world, or whether they were not worn under strong womanish protest. These were the men and women, Quakers and Quakeresses, in whose worship, as quaint and severe as themselves, I was about to join.

The Meeting House in Mount Street, Albert Square, is not outwardly a handsome edifice. It is grim and square, with a front of gaunt columns. But the interior is light and lofty, and symmetrical. There is a quiet interval of corridor between the vestibule and the chapel, and the chapel itself is distinguised by that indefinable beauty and elegance of straight lines and unerring right angles. It is the beauty of orderliness. The feeling of decorum which induced me to unhat on entering was a little outraged by the self-assertion with which old and young alike protested their equality in the sight of God by wearing or removing their hats at pleasure. I was also struck, not pleasantly, with the arrangement, copied too closely from the synagogue, by which the women are penned off from the men. It has always seemed to me that half the beauty of worship in the Church is due to the system of pews,

by which whole families are grouped gracefully together. The idea of the Quakers in separating is to cut off each individual conscience from everything but communion with heaven. At the far end of the meeting house, overlooking the congregation, I observed the presiding ministers, namely, three austere old ladies in rigid Quaker bonnets, and four austere old gentlemen in scrupulous Quaker neckcloths. The austerity of the women was the placid austerity of Marys who were not ashamed of having chosen a better part. The austerity of the men was the austerity of severe self-discipline. But the general expression of the congregation was far removed from sombreness or even severity. The relaxation of the rules as to plain attire which is extended to the younger generation of Quakers seems, in many instances, to have assumed the nature of a reaction. The half of the chapel occupied by the women looked like a parterre of blue and white, while in my vicinity there were young men in fashionable white hats and fawn coloured gloves, and cuttings from choice plants in their coats.

By this time the noise from the opening of the doors and the creaking of boots along the aisles had become less frequent, and the compact congregation had begun to sink into the silence of contemplation. At a signal, felt rather than seen, the service had commenced. Like a direct influence, a stillness seemed to emanate from the faces of the presiding ministers, which had now stiffened from official austerity into severe self-scrutiny. A great silence, like a canopy, seemed to overshadow us. The outer world was gradually hushed away into the distance. In this vast silence room seemed to be made for the spirit. In this perfect and solemn calm the soul seemed to be lulled, and the still small voice might now be heard, if ever. Some reverently bowed their heads. Others, child-like, covered their eyes with their hands, and all expressed a patience and a repose of the moral nature. Sir, I own that, for a moment, I was touched by the prevailing sentiment of devotion. I felt a thrill of solemnity deeper than the voice of any prayer, the chanting of any litany had ever awakened in me. But this feeling was only momentary. The tyranny of self-consciousness reasserted itself, and I began to feel like an intruder amongst these statues of silence, like a spy in this spiritual camp. After half an hour of the mute liturgy, one of the ministers struggled to his knees, and as if the dumb spell were suddenly broken the congregation rose to their feet. I felt as if a weight were lifted off my mind. In a voice powerful in itself, but chafed and broken by the fervency of his feelings, the minister uttered a short prayer. After another pause, another minister delivered an address on Christian love. But the last speaker was the most pregnant, and the least conventional. He was one of those Quakers whose contemplation is not vacuity, and whose asceticism does not extend to the temptations of literature. In the course of his remarks he quoted Voltaire. But what weakened his force, as well as that of the other speakers, was the perpetual straining after Biblical phraseology until his address became a mosaic of texts. But perhaps I was an unfair, because a critical listener, to utterances which were not supposed to be intellectual, but entirely spiritual. If these people really only obey superior impulses, their remarks at the best will only amount to thinking aloud and not to ripe reflection. Besides, the talking will, as a rule, be left to the most enthusiastic, while the deepest minds will always be the least readily moved. The service ended as informally as it began. No voluntary steeped us in a halo of self-glorification; no dainty white hand fluttered a farewell blessing. But quietly and quickly the meeting dissolved, amidst a genial scuffle of handshaking. Outside, a number of carriages maintained the worth of the congregation. But does it not seem odd, Mr. Sphinx, that people should come in comfortable broughams to worship One who walked bare-footed the dusty roads of Palestine?

I am in search of a Creed. The Quakers have neither Creed nor Ritual. They depend simply upon the illumination of the spirit, and no Cross and no Crescent is the finger-post which guides their lives. They believe that the Holy Spirit is revealed by Jesus Christ to every man born into the world. So that even the Chinese Confucius, or the Greek Socrates, may have been imperfectly lighted by this Spirit, just as the prophets and the saints were flooded with its full light. As the presence of this spirit is to them the one and the only requisite, they very properly dispense with all forms. And thus their service resembles that of the primitive Christians described by St. Paul. To men of deep natures this may be an adequate form of public worship, but it is difficult to believe that the young, the shallow, and the thoughtless can be invigorated by it. Yet, whatever it be in practice, it is a very beautiful theory. It seems to speak of a religious sentiment simpler, deeper, more independent, than the general religious sentiment of our day. In the minds of men who could find consolation and even delight in a mute sympathy of holy thoughts, there surely was a religious feeling more real than ours, which has to be startled into life by the paradoxes of the popular preacher, or warmed to love by the sensuousness of the Ritualist. It is a popular error to suppose that the speakers at the Quakers' meetings pretend to be the almost unconscious media of the Spirit. They show their entire self-control by the calmness with which they rise, utter a neatly-trimmed text, and then glibly comment upon it in words picked as carefully as the stones picked by David from the brook.

And now, sir, let us follow the Quaker home, and see how this singularly spiritual system acts upon his daily life. It would seem as if his very spirituality, like a hermit's ecstacies, left him cold and hard and narrow to the world. He centres all his faculties upon himself, and makes them minister to a cruel standard of perfection. He denies himself the development of all the fairer humanities of our nature, and the consequence is a narrow selfishness and not a wide enthusiasm. He denounces as worldly all the esthetic pleasures of music, art, and drama, only to strand upon a worldliness more merciless and more un-Christian. By a curious accident the one pursuit which common consent pronounces worldly—the pursuit of money—is the only one to which he surrenders himself. On this he lavishes an enthusiasm beyond that which worldlings give to love. Virtuous he is, and happy he may be, but it is a virtue dearly bought, and a happiness without joy. Creedless, he clings more passionately to his petty traditions of manner and of dress, and makes broad the brim of his hat as the Pharisee made broad his proud phylactery.—I remain, yours truly, PYHRRO.

THE EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.

TO his talented staff thus an Editor spoke:—
"This perennial grindstone is barely a joke:
"A holiday trip is essential to me,
"And I'm off to the Highlands by way of Dundee.

"So fill up my duties as well as you can,
"For to Slater's I've sent for an Ordnance plan;
"From scissors and gum brush a space I'll be free,
"And the paper may go and be ——— printed for me.

"There are journals in Scotland, reviews, and so forth,
"And hebdomadal gossip abounds in the north;
"But let each Scottish waiter, who hopes for a fee,
"Never show me a newspaper north of Dundee.

"So fillip your energies every man,
"Tax all your resources and flourish each pen;
"Let each do his best, and the *posse* agree,
"To make my time pleasant when north of Dundee."

M'sieu le Redacteur has made a retreat,
But the copy is backward, the publisher beat;
And the foreman—responsible party—says, "D!
"I knowed what 'ould happen as straight as could be.

"But we've scissorsed before and we'll scissors again,
"So stick to your cases and pull out my men;
"And the printer or devil who goes on the spree
"May stop till the Editor comes from Dundee."

Now the proofs they are struck off, the foreman cries "Pie!"
(A technical term which a deal doth imply)
"With *errata* it crawling is lit-er-al-lee,
"And there's no time to 'read' it the way it should be.

"Then I'll put on my coat and be off to the Bear;
"Scotch whiskey's a solace for trouble and care:
"Won't the Editor just like a maniac be
"When he knows what's been happening south of Dundee."

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE BISHOP AND THE SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

THE Bishop, in opening the meeting of the Sanitary Association, in the Town Hall last week, confessed his ignorance of the *raison d'être* of the association. We wonder what he thought at the close. Was he, like the Mayor who was "waiting in his little ante-chamber," enlightened by the proceedings; or did he come to the conclusion, as many outsiders have done, that before these sanitary gentlemen undertake to instruct the public they should at least manage to come to some agreement amongst themselves? On several important questions affecting the public health the most contradictory statements were made by the speakers who addressed the meeting, and the annual report showed a similar prevalence of diverse opinions. Take, for instance, the sanitary state of Manchester. Surely the association should know something positive about this. Yet, whilst Mr. Thomas Turner asserted that the condition of the city was better than it was some time since, Dr. Morgan maintained "that our death-rate was no less now than it was twenty or thirty years ago, and that at present he could not see any signs of improvement." Again, Mr. Turner alleged, apparently on the authority of Mr. Baxendell, that infant mortality in Manchester is not so great as it has been represented to be; Dr. Roscoe, of Owen's College, wanted to know how such a misrepresentation, if it is one, had gained currency; and since the meeting, the Health Officer for Salford has publicly stated that Mr. Baxendell's statistics are entirely fallacious. If these learned gentlemen, these men of science, who profess to guide opinion in the right way, can't agree about such elementary facts or get at the truth, whom are we to believe, and in what direction are we to move? The attention of the association, said Canon Richson, has been directed for many years to the condition of the dwellings of the poor. An excellent object, no doubt, but what has it effected? Let Dr. Morgan answer. "I believe," he said, speaking after Canon Richson, "from enquiries I have made on the subject, that we have in Manchester about 80,000 persons who are living in places that are altogether uninhabitable." If this be so, what a splendid sphere of labour a real sanitary association has before it! We fancy, however, it will have to go to work in a very different fashion to the one that already occupies the field.

A "LEADING" ARTICLE ON MURDER.

We never saw a common piece of newspaper cant condensed into so epigrammatic a form as it assumed in the *Courier's* leading article of last Saturday. In the mirror of this paragraph we hope the *Courier* will see its own absurdity. "It is not merely unsafe," opened out the leader, "but ungenerous, to assume the guilt of anyone not actually convicted. It is, however, impossible," and so on: to refrain from spicing up our somewhat insipid leading columns with the details of a recent case of wholesale butchery. So it began. Thus it continued. "The details of the crime are simply too sickening to be dwelt upon"—we therefore instantly proceed to recapitulate them circumstantially. Oh, dear, oh, dear! These virtuous gentlemen of the press! They are but human; and they share the weakness of the gentlemen who "had no intention of speaking when they entered the room," but none the less inflict themselves for half an hour upon their audience. The man who thus assumes a virtue, if he hath it not, is just the man who revels in French opera in the evening and bewails the degradation of the drama in the morning. Let him mend his ways

ROYAL *v.* PRINCE'S PROGRAMMES.

"An Old Playgoer with a Memory" very properly challenges our remark of last week as to the relative value of the programmes at the Royal and the Prince's theatres for the last year. With a frankness that does us credit, we admit that he is right. The Royal programme, when the Haymarket Company were there, was certainly superior to the Prince's, when Brough's company were there. But we regard the annual visit of the actors from the Haymarket so much as an institution of itself that we never thought of it—as, in strictness, perhaps we ought to have done—as a component part of the entertainment offered by the Theatre Royal. We accept, to this extent, the salt with which our critic qualifies our observation of last week. His point about the Royal pantomime being better than the Prince's is not such a good one. For our own part, we consider every pantomime which we have seen for some five years to be of nearly equal badness. The art of writing pantomime appears to be at present in a state of coma. We don't admit the Royal pantomime was better than the Prince's. We do admit it may have been a little less bad. But what is the use of disinterring extinct Satans, long defunct and buried. What extremely inconvenient people people "with a memory" are.

[HOLIDAY NOTES.]

GRASMERE.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.—TENNYSON.

IT has pleased Mr. Ruskin to say many hard things against travelling by railways, but, whatever of truth there may be in his views on that subject, we have never felt more inclined to doubt him than when that despised mode of conveyance has enabled us to escape from the city at the end of a week's work and spend a Sunday in the peaceful vale of Grasmere,—to us the sweetest of all the valleys among the Westmorland hills.

At mid-day, on Saturday, we take our seat in the train at Victoria Station, and, while the summer afternoon is yet young, find ourselves gliding into the station at Windermere, where we are set down in an atmosphere and with surroundings and associations far as the poles asunder from those we have left behind. The little terminus is besieged by a crowd of omnibuses, post chaises, and stage coaches of the good old-fashioned type, one or other of which would take us (were we so minded) direct to the Ultima Thule of our hopes; but, as it is not our intention to go there to-night, we don our light knapsack, and, staff in hand, trudge down the road to Bowness. The bright clear sunny air, with the breath of the hills in it, makes one already feel buoyant in mind and body. We pass by handsome villas of purple slate-like stone, and rough-cast lime-washed cottages, all with some sweet garden or greenery about them; by hotels, about the doors of which tourists are lounging in luxurious ease; through the irregular and tortuous streets that twine about the old church, with its white square tower and graveyard with dark yews in it, until we come out on the margin of the lake. At the end of a little jetty, and amid a fleet of small craft, the steamer lies anchored and ready to get underweigh. We go on board, and are soon off, sailing round Belle Isle, towards Lowood and Ambleside. Pleasant it is to lie under the awning on deck, and smoke a pipe, while we watch the white sailed yachts skimming about like birds; or the happily freighted boats that float among the water lilies, and listen to the sound of laughing voices and the monotonous rush of the water as it breaks backward from the paddles. The scene is Elysian to town-dimmed eyes. As Tennyson says, "the low sun makes the colour," and in the mellow evening glow the mountains throw out rich tints of rose and purple, green and pearly grey; their summits etherealized in the soft pure light as they lift themselves above the wooded slopes that stretch down to the margin of the shining waters of the lake.

Soon we are at Ambleside, in the bosom of the hills, where we take up our quarters for the night. Our reason for this is, that it is a pet pleasure and indispensable to the complete carrying out of our programme that we should walk into Grasmere on a Sunday morning. Accordingly on the morrow we rise at an early hour, breakfast sumptuously, and when the blue smoke is beginning to curl from the quaint stone chimnies, and while half the little town is not yet astir, we start out on our walk. We go by the church to Clappersgate, and having gained the banks of the Rothay, proceed along by a path which leads from Rothay Bridge to Pelter Bridge. This is a much pleasanter walk than that along the high road. To the right is the whole vale of Ambleside, sleeping in the morning sunshine, ringed round with giant mountains, from which the latest mist spirits are gathering their gossamer garments and trailing them away into invisible space. Across the vale we get a glimpse of Harriet Martineau's house, over which the ivy creeps lovingly. Our path leads by the clear waters of the Rothay and along a shady carriage way under Loughrigg Fell. This house we are passing, which hides itself from public gaze in a thick growth of shrubbery through which we can only catch sight of a pleasant lawn and garden, is Fox How, built by the late

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and still inhabited by his widow. Here, in the summer, comes Mathew Arnold for the quiet solitude of the mountains. This other trellised house to the left, with the clematis and creepers about it, is Fox Ghyll, once the residence of Thomas De Quincey. When that erratic genius got into pecuniary difficulties it had to be sold, and, recording this fact in a letter to Professor Wilson, he adds also the significant intimation that for the while it was desirable that his address should remain a secret. Here, again, is a pretty cottage ornée, the residence of the Quillinans, the only connections of Wordsworth left in the neighbourhood. Before we reach the bridge which takes us to the high road, we turn sharp to the left behind Coat How, and take the path under Loughrigg Fell and along the south-west side of the vale. As we go the prospect opens out in its sylvan, pastoral, and mountain beauty. Loughrigg Fell rises from our feet, showing on its lower slopes rugged pasture land, boulder strewn, while higher up is wood and crag, heather and gorse. Over the vale on the right is Knab Scar, green and grey, from which, if you climb it, you may see far off to Scotland and the Solway Firth. Carrying the eye from it along the mountain line, softly defined against the blue sky, and bringing it back to Loughrigg again, there is a splendid panorama of mountains enclosing the valley. In the distance they rise fold over fold in wavy beauty, full of the vague and dreamy mystery of a land that lies very far off. De Quincey has pointed out that all the valleys in the lake district are flat, the mountains rising more or less suddenly from a comparatively green level. In this respect they differ from those of Wales, which are, for the most part, bason shaped, the mountains sloping down into their centres. This vale of Grasmere has low levels of rich meadow and pasture land encircling its two lakes, and the cultivated luxuriant beauty of garden, homestead, and even forest, melts almost imperceptibly into the stern savage grandeur of the mountains.

But we must note more of detail. That gem of a lake, with the reedy shore, where the tall flags bend before the wind and dip into the water, is Rydal Mere. Those little islands that rise from its bosom, tufted with trees, are the haunts of the herons. Over the lake you may see the village of Rydal clustered on the side of Knab Scar. That white tower is the church, and behind it, hid in the trees, is Rydal Mount, the last home of Wordsworth. As we go the scene increases in loveliness. Wordsworth, with all his power, has not exhausted its beauty, and he wrote for years among it. Scores of pictures of it have appeared on exhibition walls, and yet no artist has ever painted all he has seen here. Plain people like ourselves, therefore, may be excused from saying much about it; and, indeed, we would fain keep silence before it, reverently opening our mental and bodily eyes as we recall those words of Mrs. Browning :—

> All earth is crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God,
> But only he who *sees* takes off his shoes.

Presently we come in sight of the lake of Grasmere, and our path, winding gently up the side of Loughrigg, brings us to an elevated point which commands the finest view of the vale. Below, at our feet, is the mere, with a single green island on it. That opposite shore, which forms the new carriage road, was once a thick and tangled copse, so beautiful that De Quincey and the lake poets called the men Vandals who destroyed it. Here grew that queenly fern, the Osmanda regalis, which Wordsworth described as lovelier

> Than Naiad by the side
> Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere
> Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance.

The village lies in the grassy level at the head of the lake, watched over by the "tall steep Silver How" and Helm Crag, upon whose summit sits "the ancient woman." Northward the road to Keswick creeps up the mountain-guarded pass of Dunmail Raise, to the right of which may be seen the huge grassy shoulder of mighty Helvellyn. As we stand and look at all this inexpressible beauty, glorified in the early morning light, we hear the bell summoning the dalesmen to worship, so we make our way down to the church. This white cottage we pass on the roadside, embowered with flowering shrubs, is the place where De Quincey shut himself up, with books and opium, to enjoy that dreamy, luxurious, epicurean life, the story of which you will find in his *Confessions*. Along roads shady with oak, elm, and broad-leaved sycamores, we walk in company with the gathering congregation until we reach the church, rude and simple in structure, yet surely the sweetest place of its kind within the four seas. Here we join in worship with simple dalesmen and fashionable folk, visitors and others, who crowd the little place, and for a couple of hours enjoy a rest so completely idyllic that it is difficult to realize that but yesterday we were in noisy Babylon and to-morrow shall be there again. Service over, we linger for awhile in the yew-sheltered corner by the Rothay side, where lies buried one of England's greatest poets, and then take our way to the hostelry yclept the Red Lion, immortalized by Christopher North in his *Recreations*. Changed and modernized since his day, but still worthy of all the praise he poured upon it for its comfort and generous fare, it is undoubtedly one of the most satisfactory inns in the Lake Country. Here we partake of luncheon, for there is no time for a long and ceremonious dinner, and then setting out again take the path by Allan Bank (once the residence of Wordsworth), and passing through the lovely little valley of Easdale, climb the heights that close it in. Keeping by the side of Sour Milk Ghyll, which comes foaming in cataract leaps down its rocky channel, we reach Easdale Tarn, a solitude so complete that De Quincey has likened it to "a chapel within a cathedral—a little private oratory within a chapel." Here, on a rock by the side of the Tarn, we sit and smoke and muse in a silence unbroken save by the ripple of the water on the pebbly shore, the bleating of sheep, or the cry of the wild fowl as they rise from the sedges, with the mountains rising all about us, and no sign of human habitation anywhere visible. When the time comes to depart we turn away with regret and set our faces towards Grasmere again. Having taken tea at our inn, we walk in the cool evening along the highroad to Ambleside, getting other views of the vale and twin lakes as we go. Again we take up our quarters for the night, and on the morrow mount the good old-fashioned stage-coach that smacks of ancient days, and, to the blowing of the guard's horn, rattle along in the fresh morning air by the margin of Windermere and under the woods of Elleray to the railway station, where we take our seat in the railway train, and by noon are again in Cottonopolis, "chained to the labouring oar."

MANCHESTER ARTISTS IN LONDON.

NINETEEN Manchester artists are represented this year at the Royal Academy exhibition by twenty-seven pictures. Some of these works are well known here, having been previously exhibited at the recent conversazione of our local academy.

Mr. Whittaker, hitherto known by his admirable water-colour drawings of Welsh moorlands, exhibits two oil paintings this year which can hardly be considered so successful as what we are accustomed to see from him on the walls of the Old Water Colour Society. These oil paintings want the refinement and delicate gradation of colour usual to his water colour drawings, while the sketchy slight manner of suggesting form that Mr. Whittaker affects, though effective enough in the transparent medium, is coarse and unsatisfactory in the more solid and less manageable material popularly known as "oils." Mr. Whittaker must work much more seriously and severely to achieve the same position as an oil painter that he already holds as an artist in water colours. His two pictures this year are On the Conway and Near Festiniog, North Wales; both are hung high, the latter especially so.

Mr. H. C. Whaite has only one picture in the Academy; its title is The After Glow, but many will remember it by its old name, The Shepherd Boy's Story, one of the most charming of Mr. Whaite's works. It is hung on the line, and is in every way a success.

Mr. C. E. Johnson's two pictures—The Guardian of the Glens and Crossing the Bridge—are hung so high that it would be unfair to criticise them; all that can be said is that they seem very powerful. A Moonlight on the Sea, by Mr. C. A. Duval, by reason of its simplicity of subject and treatment, and large manner of painting, does not suffer so much from the height at which it is hung as do Mr. Johnson's.

An Old Bridge, near Rowsley, by Mr. John Thomson, is also skied, like most of the Manchester pictures, but nevertheless its capital tone and harmonious colour is perfectly visible, though the details and all the excellent qualities of painting it possess are hopelessly out of sight.

Mr. J. Taylor's Mountain Stream, also hung on the top row; Mullins Bay, Cornwall, a clever water colour (and very well hung), by Mr. J. Whaite; and three drawings by Mr. T. Collier conclude the landscapes. Mr. Collier does not make much advance in his work apparently; Evening after Rain, his most important drawing, is black in colour and coarse in execution, and shows very little regard for form.

The one picture by Mr. A. H. Marsh, the newly-elected associate of the Old Water Colour Society, called Baiting the Lines, was exhibited at the conversazione in Manchester last spring. It will be remembered for its excellence of colour and skill of execution. Fairly hung as it is, just below the line, it looks extremely well. Mr. J. D. Watson is a very faithful disciple of the "clever" school. His pictures are full of cleverness and "chic," but quite without any of the more serious qualities desirable in works of art. This year his two pictures—Fishermen Shooting Wild Ducks and A Northumbrian Life Brigade Man throwing the hand-rocket to a Wreck—represent him very fairly; they are full of "go" and dash, their colour is quiet, though rather dirty, and they are, of course, effective in design in light and shade. That is all.

Poppies, by Mr. T. Armstrong, is one of those pictures about which there will no doubt be considerable difference of opinion. That class who will accept nothing as being beautiful but brightest colours, and that type of face peculiar to the "Annuals" of a past age, will see nothing to admire in Poppies, and much to revile. On the other hand, those who can appreciate great subtlety of colour, admirable management of form, and simple, powerful painting, untainted by any trickyness, will not hesitate to place Mr. Armstrong's picture amongst the highest in the Exhibition.

Mr. Percy's portrait of Mr. G. C. Baskett holds its own well. There are few portraits, if any, more powerful and manly than this. Also Mr. Measham's likeness of Mr. John Boutflower tells capitally in the exhibition; better, if anything, than it did in the conversazione. Dido, a picture of a little girl, by Mr. Crozier, is unfortunately skied, as are Mr. Brodie's Nearing Home and Mr. Wake's At Vespers; while Mr. Knight's two drawings, Fairy Tales and La Fileuse Bretagne, are both hung on the line, and are, as usual, most forcible in tone and original in colour. A Scene in the Bombay Cotton Market, by Mr. Howarth Ashton, a very vigorous and clever sketch, hung on the line, concludes the list of Manchester works at the Royal Academy.

In the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours are five Drawings by Mr. Whittaker, all superior in quality to the oil paintings just mentioned. Mr. Basil Bradley exhibits only one of those cattle pictures for which he is so celebrated: Oxen going home—Sussex. It is a very clever picture, but marred by that peculiar lurid yellow tone which so often pervades his drawings. The other three are studies in the neighbourhood of Paris, and are all very fresh, original, and charming.

None of our painters have made such a complete change in style of subject and painting as Mr. F. J. Shields. From small drawings, transparently painted, of rustic children, to the large picture of Solomon Eagle Warning the Impenitent, painted in a solid manner and in a most strong key of colour, the distance is immense. It would be hard to find another subject containing so many difficulties as this one. The poetically dramatic power necessary to the successful treatment of the whole subject would alone deter most painters from attempting it. Mr. Shields has achieved a noble picture, and he has certainly never produced anything equaling it before. His second drawing, After the Storming, a drummer giving water out of his bugle to a dying soldier, is also a very powerful work, but perhaps not so complete as the Solomon Eagle. Still there is a weird character about the treatment, admirably adapted to the subject, and, as is always the case with Mr. Shields, the accessories that help the story are most carefully thought out. There are never any blank unmeaning spaces in Mr. Shield's pictures.

A Prize, by Mr. J. D. Watson, represents a girl on the shore dragging a large fish to where a number of others are laid out. This drawing is cleaner than Mr. Watson's oils generally are, and the execution is not so apparent, but there is a want of freshness about it, and the figure is hardly of a piece with the landscape. Mr. F. Powell's two drawings, Herring Boats and Storm, though very well designed, are so overworked as to be almost lifeless.

Taking the exhibition as a whole, there is very little in it of which we have not seen the like often before. With a few exceptions, new ideas seem scarce in the Society—a fact which is not pleasant to think about or record.

SANCHO'S WALLETT.

By Edwin Waugh.

EVERY INCH A KING!

Fore God; a likely fellow.—Falstaff.

(Country carter seeking work.)

Carter.—I've yerd that yo wanten a carter. Shall I do, thinken yo?

Employer.—Thae looks likely enough. Wheer hasto bin wortchin' at?

Carter.—I've druvven for Owd Copper-Nob aboon nine year.

Employer.—What did to lev (leave) for?

Carter.—Hommerin' th' maister.

Employer.—Conto lick me, thinks to?

Carter.—*(Looking at him slowly from head to foot.)*—I think I con. But I don't know till I try.

Employer.—Hasto brought thi character?

Carter.—Nawe! I'm a ——— deal better beawt it!

Employer.—Thae'll do.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

(Weaver seeking work.)

Weaver.—Are yo shoppin' weighvers?

Employer.—Aye. Hasto brought thi character?

Weaver.—Nawe; but I can fotch it.

Employer.—Away wi'the, then.

Weaver.—Wi'n yo let me leave my basket, till I come back?

Employer.—Aye. Hand it here.

(The weaver returns in a while.)

Employer.—Well; hasto getten thi character?

Weaver.—Nawe; *but I've getten yo'rs!* Gi' me my basket.

NEIGHBOURLY SACRILEGE.

(Old country parson entering the church-yard one Sunday morning just before service-time, sees the bell-ringer sitting astride upon the rigging of the little church, in front of the one bell, with a hammer in his hand.)

Parson.—Why, Joseph, whatever are you doing up there?

Ringer.—Well, yo see, Mr. Simpson; its sich a fine day that Owd Robin o' Nobbler's is as thrung as Throp's wife, housin; so I lent him th' bell-rope to lead hay wi'; an' *I've come'd up here to ring in wi' th' coal hommer.*

OH, WHERE, AND OH WHERE?

(Country lass lost in the town, addresses a policeman.)

Girl.—Please, con yo tell me where there's a chap lives 'at has a brass knocker on his dur, th' same as owd Johnny Barrowclough's?

KEEN BLADE.

(A little mischievous lad applies for a place as a "Doffer" at a cotton-mill.)

Lad.—Dun yo want ony doffers?

Overlooker.—Aye. Wheer hasto bin wortchin' at?

Lad.—Owd Pouch's.

Overlooker.—Hasto brought thi character?

Lad.—Nawe.

Overlooker.—Go for it, then.

(Away goes the lad to the mill where he has been working at, and asks the manager for his character.)

Lad.—I've gotten a shop (a new place), an' they've sent me for my character.

Manager.—Why, Jemmy, thou'rt warst lad 'at ever we had i' this place. I connot gi' thee a character that'll do tho ony good, unless I tell a lot o' lies about tho.

Lad.—I don't care how mony lies yo tell'n. He says he mun ha' my character.

MANAGER.—Who is it that wants it.

LAD.—Th' o'erlooker at Owd Snapper's.

MANAGER.—Well, thou'll be like to have it, I guess.

(The manager writes out his character, which is a very bad one. The lad can't read; and he goes away whistling, and flourishing the character triumphantly in his hand.)

LAD.—*(To the overlooker at the other mill.)*—I've getten my character.

MANAGER.—Let's look at it.

(The manager reads it with astonishment).

MANAGER.—Well, I never set e'en on a worse character than this.

LAD.—Why; What does it say?

(The manager reads it to him.)

LAD.—Eh; he's made a mistake! *He's gan me his own character 'stead o' mine!*

A NOVELIST AT A CRICKET MATCH.

A spirited match was played last Saturday between the Cheetham Hill and Broughton Cricket Clubs, on the ground of the former at Higher Crumpsall, one of the most prettily situated grounds of any of the Manchester clubs. Unavoidable engagements prevented our attendance, but the ghost of the late Mr. G. P. R. James has obligingly sent us the following sketch :—

THE scene was peculiarly English. The day was fine, and the breeze was balmy and impregnated with a faint aroma of cigars and the perfume of meerschaum and short Beyroot pipes. Young maidens of peerless beauty and more ancient dames of frouzy aspect traversed the greensward or reclined in graceful languor upon the wooden benches provided for the occasion. A pavilion of antique architecture, composed of the corrugated iron of a modern but too degenerate age, was erected at an angle of the ground, overlooking a diminutive and umbrella-shaped bowling green. The interior of this pavilion was presided over by sundry mythological deities and Hebes, surrounded by rare vases and vessels of exquisitely cut crystal. Thither did the youthful Amphitryons and the grey-haired Nestors of the club repair from time to time to imbibe the nectar provided for them by Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, M.P., and other cunning alchymists, to wet their whistles and recruit their energies.

Bounding the northern horizon might be seen the distant hills of York and Lancaster, the Pyrenees which divide those counties sacred to agriculture and the products of the loom and spindle. In the same direction, but close at hand, lay the wooded glades and undulating pastures of Heaton, surmounted by an Italian mansion, the domain of a nobleman whose once ebon locks would now have been sprinkled by the snows of time had they not been rejuvenated by the juice of the walnut and other dyes, the invention of modern art. With moody aspect, pallid brow, and gouty gait, did this noble, this proud scion of Norman blood, pace the ancestral terrace and muse upon the probable result of the approaching Derby. (He happened to be in London, but that does not matter.) Along a bridle path which leads to the adjoining hamlet of Blackley, where the veteran Samuel Bamford finds a quiet retreat, a solitary costermonger might be seen wending his weary way homewards, accompanied by his faithful and patient ass, which ever and anon paused to crop the juicy thistle imported from a northern and more barbarous clime. To the eastward, at a little distance, stood an imposing edifice of brick, surmounted by a tower containing a clock, the quarterly chimes of which were distinctly heard as they were borne along by the evening zephyrs. This structure is alloted to the poor of the neighbourhood, and presided over by the guardians of that fraternity. In the more immediate vicinity of the ground, between it and the bridle path already alluded to, is a deep and narrow gorge, and I saw by the smoke which so gracefully curled above the green elms that a cottage was near; and I thought, if there's peace to be found in this world, a heart that is humble might look for it here. (Our spiritual correspondent is evidently here quoting from his fellow ghost, Samuel Rogers, banker and poet.) On the southern and western sides are the residences of neighbouring citizens, built in the uniform style peculiar to those tenements, the ashpits being on the most close and friendly terms with the back parlours. To the east lie the woods of Crumpsall, around whose ancient hall, and on the lofty elms beneath whose umbrageons shade nestles the antique mansion, a colony of rooks has settled. Their incessant cawing blended harmoniously with the strains of a brass band, imported from that classical seat of learning, Staleybridge. At intervals, there were heard from a distance the faint echoes of discharges of musketry, in celebration of the natal day of Her Most Gracious Majesty upon whose dominions the sun never sets. These vollies were accompanied by the louder reverberation of those mortal engines whose rude throats the immortal Job's dread clamours counterfeit. (It is quite evident that our correspondent does not associate with Will Shakspeare in the shades beneath, or he would never have confounded the most patient of men with the ruler of Olympus.) Conspicuous and glittering in the sunshine was the waistcoat of pearly whiteness which begirts the manly breast of the chief magistrate of the city. But a truce to these musings, which have left me no space to describe the pastime peculiar to merrie England.

The Broughtonians went first to the wickets, under the command of their captain, the Venerable Bede, than whom there are few better judges of the game. Himself an effective bat in an emergency, a brilliant fielder, and a cunning, destructive bowler, he knows all points of the game. By his crafty stratagems, and cunningly devised dodges, he has brought many a stout batsman to grief, and led the forlorn hope to victory.

How doth the Venerable Bede
Improve each shining hour,
And scatters wickets all the day
By skilful bowling power.

How carefully he plants his *sell*,
How neat he spreads his *whacks*;
And labours hard to please us well
With the sweet hits he makes.

The wickets went down very fast at first, and the spirits of the Broughtonians retired into their boots. The pet of the valley, Mr. D. E. P. Crowner, came to an untimely end, and held an inquest upon his own body. A tall individual emerged from a hollow, like Aphrodite rising from the ocean, and caught him at long leg, after scoring four. His fraternal relative from the Antipodes succeeded, and played a merry and spirited innings of 35. The last joints of the caudal appendage of Broughton consisted of Johnny Mac Longstop, and a youthful scion of the enterprising firm which provides literature for the lieges at the rate of one guinea per annum. These were Clan Alpine's warriors true, and following them came Roderick Dhu, who finished the game, the score being 137. The gallant Cheetham-Hillers then repaired to the wickets. Like their adversaries they, too, failed to score at first, but afterwards the fielding of their opponents became more loose, and they scored rapidly. At seven o'clock the stumps were drawn, the match not being concluded, with no great advantage on either side.

The sun was sinking in the west, shedding a ruddy glow upon the towers and minarets of the Crumpsall Workhouse as I left the ground. A dewy freshness pervaded the air, and a similar moisture of an alcoholic nature was conspicuous in the eyes of several members of the brass band. Loud roared the dreadful thunder of the drum, and the trombones emitted fitful and spasmodic snortings. Musing upon the vanity of human wishes, the mutability of mundane things, the wisdom of municipalities, the decay of nations, the wreck of matter, and the crash of creeds, I turned my face towards the shades, and recrossed the Styx.

Hades, 1870. G. P. R. J.

SCOTLAND YET.

In consequence of the great aggregation of Scotchmen in Higher Temple-street and Maskell-street, near Ardwick-green Park, it is intended to re-name them after two of Scotia's greatest worthies. These will be chosen by the residents, and as soon as they have agreed on the names, the new christening will be effected and the streets paved. It is many years since they were irregularly covered with unequally sized boulder-stones, but this we learn is owing to the reverence of the Paving Committee and the City Surveyor for the text of Shakespere—

Francis! Francis!
Anon, anon, sir!

All Dunkerley and Franks' Umbrellas Are made on **FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES.** Being large Producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly Low Prices.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

32 Victoria St. Manchester

Sir

With pleasure I beg to inform you that I have opened the new shop 32 Victoria St. Manchester (three doors lower down than my old place of business) with a choice selection of foreign Cigars, Tobaccos &c. and having just returned from Vienna can offer Meers-chaum pipes and cigar-holders of the finest quality at very low prices.

Hoping to obtain a share of your patronage

I remain

Yours obediently

T. R. Withecomb

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACH BUILDER,

CONGLETON, CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages—viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to Drive from the Inside Ditto for Coachman; Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat; Ditto Barouche Head.

***The only Maker in England.* 4 *shapes* £150. 5 *shapes* £180.**

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART;

Hung low, and easy of access; suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

JOHN RIGBY & SON,

FURNISHING IRONMONGERS AND GAS FITTERS.

EXTENSIVE Stock of Fenders, Fire Irons, Gas Chandeliers and Fittings, Wholesale and Retail. Gas Reduced to one third its present Cost by the Hydro-Carbon process. Prospectuses on application. Sun Lights; Hot Air and Hot Water Apparatus.

15, PICCADILLY, two doors from Oldham Street, MANCHESTER.

How full of briars is this work-a-day world."—*Shakspere*

THE Largest and Best Assortment of BRIAR PIPES is at the LITTLE SHOP kept by SAMUEL LAMB, the Patentee of the Manchester Pipe, 20, CROSS STREET (two doors from the new Exchange), Manchester. Sole Depôt of G. B. D., à Paris.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

Head Offices: 93, Bridge-st., Manchester.

Annual Income nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.

Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.

Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.

Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

R. COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross-street, will be happy to forward selections of New and Popular Music on approval—carriage free within ten miles. A well-assorted stock of Classical Music, as well as of the most Popular Music of the day. Litolff's and Peters' cheap works. Beethoven's 38 Sonatas for Pianoforte, 4s. 6d.; Mozart's, do. 3s.; Schubert's, do, 3s.; Haydn's, do, 1s. 6d., &c., &c. Fifty different Operas for piano solo, 1s. each.

R. COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross street.

MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOLS,

BARRACK STREET, HULME,

NOW OPEN.—Admission 6d. and 2d.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

All communications relative to Advertisements must be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakspere Street, Ardwick, Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

The Best and Newest Materials in Gentlemen's SPRING CLOTHING, at the Lowest Prices it is possible to procure them for, may now be inspected at the WELL-KNOWN ESTABLISHMENT of

T. SHIRLEY & SON, 123, Oldham Street, Manchester

A Large Ready-made Stock, cut in the Best Style, in great variety, on hand.

COATS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, 20/- AND UPWARDS. VESTS and TROWSERS at Proportionate Prices.

SUPERB BLACK SUITS FROM £2: 2: 0.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT OF BOYS' CLOTHING IN THE CITY.

GIBSON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Containing the Price of every article of Furnishing, post free. A House Completely Furnished in Three Days. The Cheapest House in Manchester to Furnish a House.

90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD, & 78, OLDHAM STREET.

GIBSON'S { 23 GUINEA DRAWING ROOM SUITES

Of Settees, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, upholstered in Rich Rep; Rich Oval Centre Table, Chiffonier, with plate-glass back and doors and marble slab; Work Table and 50 by 40 Chimney Glass. All for 23 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 26 GUINEA DINING ROOM SUITES

Of Couch, Easy Chair, and Six Small Chairs, in fine Mahogany, and upholstered in Real Leather; Dining Table, with screw, two leaves extending; Noble Sideboard, 6ft. wide, with all convenience. The whole for 26 Guineas, complete.

GIBSON'S { 7 GUINEA LOBBY FURNITURE

Consists of Noble Hat Stand, with marble slab, mirror, and Two Hall Chairs to match; Well-seasoned Floor Cloth, say eight yards by 3 feet 9 inches; Two Skin Mats and Cocoa Mat. All complete for Seven Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 6 GUINEA KITCHEN FURNITURE

Consists of 6-feet Dresser, with Cupboard, Drawers, Kitchen Table, Four Chairs, and Arm Chair; Floor Cloth to fit. The whole for Six Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 3 GUINEA STAIR FURNITURE

Including twelve yards of Tapestry Brussels, Stair Rods and Eyes, and Landing Carpet, and Three Mats. Complete for Three Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 33 GUINEA BEST BED ROOM

Consists of Noble Circular Mahogany Tudor Bedstead, Marble Slab Stands, with glass affixed; Mahogany Chest of Drawers, Four Mahogany Chairs, Towel Rail, Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, say twenty yards; Spring Mattress, Wool Mattress, Feather Bolster, Two Pillows, One Pair of Blankets, Quilt, and Pair of Sheets. The whole for 33 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 24 GUINEA SECOND BED ROOM

Consists of Handsome Half-tester Iron Bedstead, with brass foot rail; Set of Maple-painted Stands, enclosed, with glass affixed; Noble Painted Wardrobe, 6 feet 6 inches wide, with two wings, drawers, and trays complete; Four Chairs, Towel Rail, Carpet, say twelve yards, Kidderminster; Palliasse, wool; Millpuff Bed, full size; Wool Bolster, and Two Feather Pillows, One Pair of Cloth Blankets, Two White Quilts, and Pair of Sheets. All complete for 24 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 11 GUINEA THIRD BED ROOM

Consists of Iron French Bedstead, full size, richly ornamented; Pair of French Stands, japanned, maple, or any colour; Glass, Towel Rail, Three Chairs, Carpet, say twelve yards of Kidderminster; Palliasse, Wool Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All for 11 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 5 GUINEA SERVANTS' BED ROOM

Iron Bedstead for two servants, Mattress, Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Dressing Chest, Washstand, Glass, Two Chairs, three yards of Carpet, Pair of Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All complete for Five Guineas.

R. H. GIBSON, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER,

90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM STREET.

IMPORTANT TO BANKERS, SOLICITORS, MERCHANTS, STOCK & SHARE BROKERS.

INSTANTANEOUS PRINTING.

NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials:—

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly.

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithographic Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

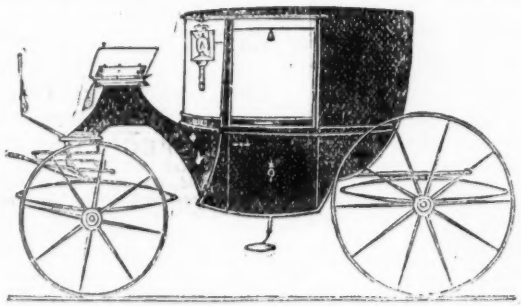
Sold in Manchester only by J. G. KERSHAW & CO.,

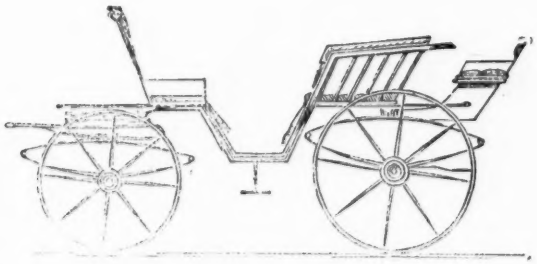
Lithographers and Letterpress Printers, Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET AND PORTLAND STREET.

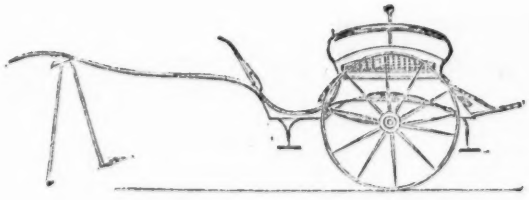
JOHN ROBERTS,

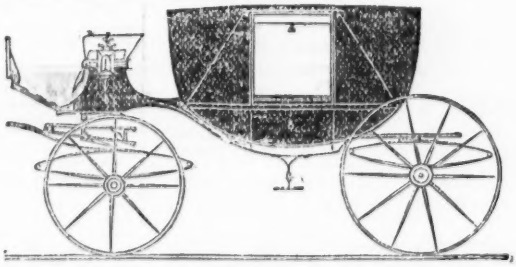
STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3½ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

RETURN TICKETS, 1st and 2nd Class, available for 1 month, and 3rd Class available for 14 days, are now issued to Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, and Southport.

WHIT-WEEK ARRANGEMENTS, 1870.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Friday, June 3rd, and intervening days, will be available for the return journey on any day up to and including Saturday, 11th. Excursion Trains will run as follows:—

To LITTLEBOROUGH and SMITHY BRIDGE, for HOLLINGWORTH LAKE, every day in Whit-week, from Manchester, Miles Platting, Stalybridge, Ashton, Newton Heath, Middleton, and Oldham. Fares there and back—1st class 2s.; 2nd class, 1s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s. For Trains leaving see small bills.

To WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, for WHALLEY ABBEY, STONYHURST COLLEGE, MITTON CHURCH, CLITHEROE CASTLE, SAWLEY ABBEY, PENDLE HILL, &c., from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), on Saturday, June 11th, at 7-45 a.m. Fares there and back—1st class, 5s.; 3rd class, 2s. 6d.

To SKIPTON, for BOLTON ABBEY, from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), on Saturday, June 11th, at 6-0 a.m. Fares there and back—1st class, 5s.; 3rd class, 3s.

To RAMSBOTTOM, for HOLCOMBE HILL, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), at 10-33 a.m., 12-18, and 1-0 p.m. Fares there and back—1st class, 2s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s. 3d.

For further information as to times of returning, &c. see small bills, to be had at the Stations.

MANCHESTER RACES, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, June 8th, 9th, and 10th. Trains will run between the Victoria Station, Manchester, and Windsor Bridge New Station, from 11-0 a.m. to 3-0 p.m. every fifteen minutes; returning from 4-0 p.m. as long as required.

For Cheap Excursions to Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, Southport, Liverpool, Isle of Man, Belfast, &c., see small bills, to be had at all Stations.

BY ORDER.

Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station,
Manchester, May 21st, 1870.

MURGATROYD,
HATTER,
198, DEANSGATE.

STYLES GOOD.
QUALITY BEST.
PRICES REASONABLE.

Your attention is invited to our

SPRING STOCK,

Comprising the Latest Novelties in Gentlemens' Scarves and Ties,

THE "ERA," THE "BEAU IDEAL," AND "P. & O.," &c.

Our Kid Glove for Gentlemen, 2s. 6d. per pair, is the Best Fitting and Wearing Glove in the Trade.

WHITE SHIRTS,
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 4s., 4s. 9d., 5s. 3d., 6s.
All Sizes in Stock.

GENTLEMEN'S COTTON SUMMER MERINO HOSIERY, VESTS, & DRAWERS.

E. W. CHADWICK,
262, DEANSGATE,
Corner of St. John Street.

TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

TO LADIES.

ALL COLOURS MADE FAST
In Print, Muslin, Silk, or Satin Dresses,
IF WASHED with TRAVIS'S COLLOID ONLY.

Sold by Drapers, Chemists, and Grocers.

W. B. BROWN & CO.,
MANCHESTER.

Wholesale by J. HOLGATE & CO.

LADIES

May SAVE ONE-HALF their WARDROBE

By WASHING with TRAVIS'S COLLOID ONLY.

FURS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

F. SCHMEHL, Fur Manufacturer,

9, ST. ANN STREET, AND 133, OXFORD STREET.

FUR, SEAL, and ASTRACAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings, Fur Hearth & Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c

ESTABLISHED 1847.

GLENFIELD STARCH.

EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is

THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

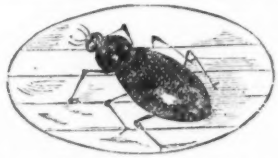
Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH,

See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.



THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists in 3d., 6d., and 1s packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton Streets, Manchester.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

AND PILLS.

The finest remedies in the world for bad legs, old wounds, sores, and ulcers. If used according to directions given with them there is no wound, bad leg, or ulcerous sore, however obstinate or long standing, but will yield to their healing and curative properties. Numbers of persons who have been patients in several of the large hospitals and under the care of eminent surgeons, without deriving the slightest benefit, have been thoroughly cured by Holloway's Ointment and Pills. For glandular swellings, tumours, scurvy, and diseases of the skin there is no medicine that can be used with so good an effect. In fact, in the worst forms of disease, dependent upon the condition of the blood, these medicines, if used conjointly, are irresistible.

PERAMBULATORS,
elegant in shape, and durable in wear.
15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 22s., 30s., and 37s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES,
Post Free.

PERAMBULATORS,
with Jointed Hoods and Patent Elliptical Springs, or with Owen's Patent Spring Hood of the newest construction.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES,
Free.

INVALID CARRIAGES,
made with the best material, and the greatest regard to the comfort of the invalid.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES,
Free.

ROCKING HORSES,
the best and strongest in the trade, from 18s. 6d to £20.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES,
Free.

PRESENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
WORKBOXES. DESKS, INK-STANDS, PEARL AND MUSICAL ALBUMS, CADDIES, &c.

OWEN,
1, OLDHAM STREET,
AND 80, DEANSGATE.
Established 45 Years.

THE PUBLIC
MAY ALWAYS DEPEND ON GETTING

GOOD TEA at MODERATE PRICES.

AT OUR TEA ESTABLISHMENTS
AT THE CORNER OF OLDHAM-ST. AND SWAN-ST.,
AND AT 53, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,
AS UNDER:—

Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 2s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d & 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured.
Our best Black Tea at 4s. is specially selected for our trade.

WM. SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT.

JONES'S PECTORAL OXYMEL OF HOREHOUND,
For Coughs, Colds, Hooping Cough, Influenza, Difficulty of Breathing, Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, Asthma, &c. Sold in Bottles at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

JONES'S APERIENT OR ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
For Diseases of the Liver, Affection of the Heart, Lungs, Asthma, Kidneys, Stomach, Purifying the Blood, Indigestion, Lowness of Spirits, and Maintaining Sound and Vigorous Health in Old Age. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOUREUX PILLS
Invaluable for the Relief and Cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 Stamps.

Sole Proprietor—JAMES JONES,
Pharmaceutica Chemist,
149, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.
Agents: Woorley, 69, Market-street, Manchester; J. Wheeldon, 217, Stockport Road; T. Bushby, Stockport Road; J. Whitehead, Tamworth Street, Hulme; T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,

In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of The Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Works, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester.—Saturday, June 4, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, Tobacconist, &c., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigs. Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY Near Railway Station.